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Hunted



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Chapter 1 by nighteye

There is a girl in our forest. The whispers spread like wildfire. She is panting, stumbling, crying, but she will not stop. Her brown hair flies out behind her, and her woolen scarf snags on a branch. She trips, but does not fall. She pulls off the scarf, leaving it on the ground, a splash of red amongst a sea of green and brown.

There is a girl in our forest.

There is a girl in our forest.

I creep forward, eager for a closer look. Snap. A twig. The girl freezes, looks around. Notices the dark sky. I can see the look in her eyes. She is terrified.

I know that look.

Hunted.

Chapter 2 by PigletPinkPancake



I suddenly wake up drenched in sweat. Cold sweat. Cold burning sweat. I look around the room to see that my door is wide open and something is making noise down stairs.

My instincts tell me to stay in bed cause it is probably just Jason going for yet again another midnight snack. But this sounded animal like. Hungry.

I turn on the light and see Jason standing in the doorway with more food. Frightening new with something in his hand.

See more of Story Wars

I turn my head and see Jason standing in the doorway with more food. Frightening new with something in his hand.

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I keep thinking about this that I don't even realize that I have made it down stairs and I'm at least a foot away from this light. As I get closer I see a face. The girl. The girl from the forest. The girl in our forest. I reach out my hand filled with the weird emotion of fear and rage. It stings. The light. I touch it.

And the girl appears. this time right in front of me.

Chapter 3 by windfox



The veil between the worlds of human and faerie had been breached! I had mistakenly pulled her through the blazing light of the portal by mistake. She stands in front of me looking confused, looking terrified and finally, looking over her shoulder as if searching for the thing that was hunting her.

"H-How did I get here?" she stammers. Her hazel eyes search our dimly lit wooden tree house with wonder. She had been running through the forest and now resides inside our home. The change of environments clearly puzzles her.

"I dreamt of you..." I whispered quietly. The girl stares at me like I'm a mad man. To prove my honesty I continue, "You were wearing a red woolen scarf."

Her jaw drops in shock and she rushes past me to look out the window to my left, "I dropped that scarf outside over ten minutes ago. It was the middle of the day then!"

The sky was pitch black in our forest, it was late at night here in our canopy house. The girl whirls around again to look at me and then shrieks, "Your ears! They... they're pointed!"

I cross my arms over my chest defensively. What right did this human have to barge into my home and insult my ears? I suddenly find her more irritating than fascinating as I snap at her in an annoyed tone, "So what? And for goodness sake, keep your voice down, my family is sleeping."

Chapter 4 by windfox



The girl looks taken aback by my outburst. "I'm sorry." Only a moment later she picks her head up and says, "I'm not sorry. I'm angry. You're not a good person."

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Human Hunter vs. Faerie

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we hear my family members stirring around upstairs. A few heartbeats later, all the noise ceases, everyone must have rolled over and fallen back asleep.

"What's wrong with you, where are your manners?" I hiss at her as I go over and retrieve the fallen statue from the floor. The wooden figure is of a falcon, my father's first hunting companion. I inspect it carefully for any damage as she begins to quietly blubber and sob on about how she doesn't know why I'm being so mean. "Oh shut up and I'll make you some tea." I'd do anything really, to get her to be quiet and leave us alone. Why had I ever reached forward to touch that stupid light that brought her here in the first place?

I turn to bring her into the kitchen when I spot him, my brother Jason, standing at the bottom of the staircase with a Cheshire cat grin on his face. "Well, well, well... Look at what we have here!" He slinks down the last three stairs and prowls towards us like a tiger ready to pounce.

The girl tucks in behind me to hide from him. I can't blame her, Jason is an extremely tall, gangly elf with long hair straggling down to his waist. He's so thin, he looks almost skeletal, despite how much he eats. Shirtless, his tribal tattoos look like swirling claw marks over his chest, shoulders and running down his back. At times I thought he looked more like an ancient Wood Haunt, more so than a young elfin man of seventeen.

"Jason, please go back to bed." I mutter half heartedly because I already know he has no intention of listening to me. As I suspected, the words just make him laugh.

"And miss all the fun?" His eyes glow green in the faint lamplight coming from the kitchen. He circles us both and the girl huddles herself so tightly against my back she almost causes us to topple over. Jason leans in and sniffs the hair on the top of her head. The gesture makes her whimper nervously. "She's human!" My brother exclaims in an excited whisper.

"Of course she's human, you idiot." I say this as if it made all the sense in the world to me that I was currently standing with a human girl nearly clinging to me for dear life. In truth, I still have no idea what's going on.

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"Yes, keep her, you noodle brained half wit. She's in our forest, she's trespassed into the fairy realm without permission. Now we have the right to keep her as a servant for seven years. Mother will be so pleased!" Jason looks back up the staircase as if he's debating whether to wake our mother right this minute.

"No!" the girl sobs into the shirt on my back after hearing this news. Her fingers dig into my sides so tightly I think she might break the skin. I wince and pry her hands off of me.

"Jason, slow down. She's not staying here as a servant, I brought her here by mistake through my dreams and some weird portal of light. It's not her fault." The story sounds absolutely ridiculous even to my own ears, but it is the truth. I turn around and look at the human girl. Why did she make me so angry? The thought of having to keep her here for seven years seems excruciating. So many questions swirl chaotically through my head that I feel like I'm suddenly going to be sick.

I push the girl out of the way and race to the kitchen washbasin. What few scraps of dinner remain come rocketing out of my stomach into the sink. My throat burns and my eyes water. Jason simply laughs at me while the girl tries to shrink into a smaller version of herself by cowering against the wall.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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